

Regretful Times

Crossbreed

the doors open into the room a fulfilled life and a lot to regret for the
summers rays and winters cold and not regretful

i will not survive somebody will save me

the damaged style and damaged skin is peeling off and burning within the
tearful eyes and drowning frowns soon collides and now it meets
its destination

i will not survive somebody save me

the passion times theres not many through im down on luck and theres too many
to remember the brocken dreams and broken thoughts my heads up
high and i wont survive

i will not survive somebody save me